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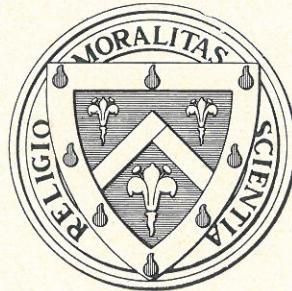
# MEASURE

SPRING

1943



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SPRING

1943

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

# MEASURE

(All-Catholic Rating, 1941-1942)

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# Cooperatism

THOMAS F. FREIBURGER

*For anyone interested in the subject of economics this article touches a subject that is vitally important and interesting. The facts and principles here laid down are clear for the layman as well as for the specialist.*

Our present system of capitalistic enterprise is a system of strife, of profit, of greed. Personal enterprise is given free rein, and is permitted

to exercise as it desires. In this system men are motivated by the hunger for profit, and care not what misery and suffering they might create in their search for this profit. Capitalists are enjoying the freedom of producing as much or as little as they please. Our nation is rich enough to supply everyone with the comforts besides the necessities of life. We see on many sides of us, however, poverty and suffering. Many people do not have even the necessities of life. There is definitely an injustice in this condition. As we know that we produce enough for all,

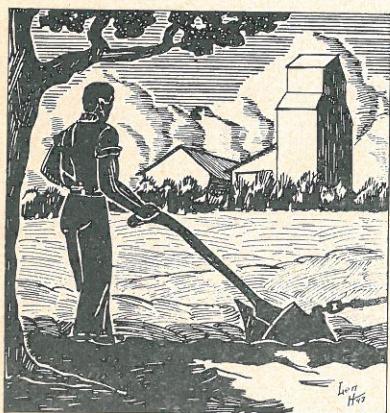
we must admit that our problem is one of distribution. We do not distribute our products fairly and proportionately.

Three per cent of the people in the United States receive fully thirty-three per cent of the national income. They have far more purchasing power than the many people who do not have even what is known as a living wage.

All men have a right to work, a right to a living wage, and a right to private ownership of productive property. In not infrequent cases one or more of these rights is denied to men. Conflict is immediately generated, and economic problems uncovered. By man's right to a living wage we mean a wage sufficient to procure for him the usually accepted comforts of life. Although certain things are not absolute necessities of life, every man is entitled to a wage that will enable him to provide for himself and his family the modern ordinary conveniences.

The individual himself is not necessarily to blame if he is poverty-stricken. Nor is society alone to be blamed. It is a combination of both which causes poverty, and society and the individual are responsible for the welfare of the individual.

Many times overproduction is the cause of serious depressions. More



goods are produced than can be sold. Capitalists compete with one another to sell more goods, thereby increasing their profits. When more is produced than can be absorbed by the market, the factories are obliged to curtail production. Laboring men are laid off until the demand for the oversupply of goods absorbs the surplus, and the men can be set to work again. We see that overproduction causes many of our economic ills, especially the unemployment problem.

Cooperativism has emerged as a possible remedy to this deplorable situation. Men can band together and work with a common interest to obtain better results in distributing goods. This is the principle on which cooperatives are founded. The members of a co-op are sellers as well as buyers, owners as well as employees. They are groups of consumers organized to bring down the price and raise the quality of their goods.

Several principles are recognized to insure an efficient co-op. The returns on the capital must be limited. This eliminates the profit motive that urges capitalism to overproduce.

Practically the very essence of a co-op is found in its principle of one member, one vote. This is its foremost rule, and no exception to it is ever allowed. This prevents the owners of more capital in the co-op from directing its activities to their personal advantage. The member who has only one share in the co-op has just as much power as the member who owns several times as many shares. It is true democratic control.

Co-ops admit all races and creeds to membership, and no distinction is made in regard to these. All that is necessary is that the applicant prove his integrity and character. Membership is open to all.

Cash trading is considered to be ideal. Generally speaking, the strongest co-ops are those which observe this rule. There are reasonable exceptions, however, for the income of farmers is usually seasonal, and competitors of the co-ops extend credit.

Profit is eliminated under the cooperative system. The aim of the organization is not to make a profit above the usual rate of interest on invested capital, but to market profitably the goods of its members. The difference between the cost of goods and the selling price is refunded to the co-op members on the basis of their purchases during the preceding period. Co-ops may refund money quarterly, semi-annually, annually, or whenever agreed upon.

The consumer co-op is the most common. It does not attempt to undersell others, but accepts the current market prices. High prices or low prices mean little to the member buyers, because the overcharge (difference between cost price and price paid at time of purchase) is eventually returned to them.

Approximately 20 percent of the returns before distribution of patronage dividends are set aside. This is a provision for reserve, and is in-

tended as a safeguard against a "rainy day." There is also a provision made for educational and promotional needs.

Another type of co-op is the credit co-op. Under this plan the members unite to pool their loan resources. This kind of co-op is really a very small bank. It does not, however, compete with the banks, but rather supplements them, because co-ops usually cater to the small borrower. These loans are usually too trivial to justify the expense and effort required of a regular bank.

Loan sharks sometimes derive as much as 240 percent interest on their loans. The credit co-op protects its members from such exorbitant rates, for it usually charges 1 percent per month on the unpaid balance of the loan. Most loans are less than \$100, and larger loans have a lower rate of interest. Indeed there is a great service rendered by a credit co-op to its members. Furthermore, excessive charges on installment purchases are eliminated by loans, thereby increasing the purchasing power of the co-op's members. It also educates them to be thrifty.

To join a credit union, a person must subscribe to at least one share of stock. He must pay a small entrance fee, usually twenty-five cents, and his application must then be approved by the loan committee.

This committee investigates the loan application, and considers the moral character of the prospective borrower, as well as his ability to repay the loan. Loan applications are held in strict confidence, no publicity being attached to them. The committee also deliberates whether or not the loan will benefit the borrower. If all of these points are favorable, the loan will be approved and granted.

Of course, there are many and varied purposes for the loans. Most of them, however, are definitely needed, and are worthy causes. Common purposes are to pay for household expenses, moving expenses, education, medical care, taxes, insurance, fuel, clothing, etc., the innumerable list familiar to every household.

With every loan there is a risk encountered, and credit co-ops are no exception. Provision against losses, therefore, is made by fully investigating the character of the applicant. His reputation is the security offered in loans under fifty dollars. Twenty percent of the annual net earnings of the co-op are set aside for a reserve against bad loans. The funds are insured, the treasurer is bonded, and the books are audited regularly. It is readily seen that the credit co-op does not take any foolish risks. It must take steps to protect itself.

The cost of operating a credit co-op is usually very small. Very little business equipment and space is needed, perhaps only a desk, chair, and set of books. It is not even necessary to operate from a private office, for very little space is needed.

There are limitations to this system, too. Co-ops are never absolutely fool-proof and mistakes can be made. Unemployed people can profit very little from a credit co-op. Moreover, management is sometimes hostile,

and an occupational basis for organization may be lacking.

A marketing co-op is an association of farmers formed for the purpose of selling their products as a single agency for the benefit of all its members. Its chief purpose is to safeguard farm prices, and it performs the main marketing services demanded by consumers. The development of this kind of co-op was far more rapid than that of consumer co-ops, and today one-half of the U. S. farmers are members of a marketing co-op.

In order to save the cost of shipping beef to the slaughter house and then back again to the farm, the farmers of this country organized beef-rings. These are simply groups of families drawing lots to see when each must kill an animal to provide all of them with beef. At the end of the season, differences are balanced at twice the price of the live beef. There is no opportunity for profit. In 1938, 40c of every dollar went to the farmer, but 60c went to the railroads, packing houses, wholesalers, brokers, retailers, and salesmen. The beef-rings help to eliminate this injustice.

As was stated before, co-ops can fail. Many times a failure is due to inefficient management, insufficient capital, or the allowing of credit too liberally. If the membership is not sincerely interested, the co-op may be internally weakened. It is essential that each member exercise his right to vote, in order that cooperation might actually be in effect. Radical elements may creep in to undermine the co-op, but usually they are speedily eliminated.

Many publicized failures of co-ops are not in reality failures of co-ops at all. Some unscrupulous organizations do not hesitate to include the word 'cooperative' in their firm names, in order that they may enjoy the favor and good-will extended to the co-ops. There is a united effort of business men to 'smear' cooperation by referring to it as "red," "communistic," "un-American," etc. We must discount these insults by actually studying the situation, and learning to determine whether a supposed co-op is really a co-op. As to the insidious remarks of business, if we know the fundamentals of the cooperative movement, we can easily realize that such references are treacherous and false.

Roger Babson, the well-known business analyst, believes that co-ops have an abundance of power, and may be strong enough to overthrow our modern business system of production, wholesaling, and retailing. This is rather difficult to fathom at present, probably because we have grown so used to our present system. Aristotle found it difficult to imagine a Greek civilization without slaves. He believed that slavery was indispensable to his civilization, simply because it was an established and long-followed practice. We should not be blinded into thinking that our business system is essential and irreplaceable just because it has become part and parcel of our civilization. Almost anything can be changed. If the co-ops ever do come to control our economic life, they

can balance production and consumption, eliminate poverty, and abolish many of the social causes of poverty.

Under the administration of President Roosevelt, the cooperative movement has prospered in the United States. President Roosevelt has sent committees abroad to study the European co-ops. Vice-President Wallace approves of the co-ops, and the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, Director of the Social Action Department of the NCWC, favors them, too. A recent survey in Iowa revealed that 84 percent of the Catholic clergy believed co-ops to be helpful to the agriculture of a community.

The Equitable Society of Rochdale Pioneers was the first cooperative organization. It was founded in England in 1844, and originally was a little store dealing in groceries and general merchandise, operated for the members of the Society. At first there were only 28 members, but the movement took on huge proportions and now boasts of a membership of 44,000. The original capital of \$140 has grown to \$3,000,000.

In the 15th century the Franciscan monks operated 'montes pietatis,' the prototype of the modern credit union. Not until the 19th century, however, was a credit union as we know it today founded. The first one was introduced in Belgium in 1848 by Francois Haeck. It was the *Union du Credit de Bruxelles*.

The movement spread rapidly throughout Europe, and each nation produced its advocates of the plan. Frederick Raiffeisen and Hermann Schulze in Germany, and Francois Bachez in France were the most zealous proponents of the idea.

In North America, the *Caisse Populaire de Levis* was founded in Canada in 1900 by the journalist Alphonse Desjardins. In 1909, Desjardins assisted Monsignor Pierre Havey, pastor of the Church of St. Marie at Manchester, N. H., in forming the first co-op in the United States. A special act of the legislature was necessary to give it legal sanction.

From this modest beginning in the United States the cooperative movement developed into a nation-wide crusade, and today there is an almost endless variety of co-op ventures. There is even a hospital co-op in Elk City, Oklahoma, as well as a burial co-op in New Ulm, Minnesota. Best known co-ops are grocery stores and general stores. Gas and oil station co-ops are also very prominent. One can now secure almost any service or goods through a cooperative organization. St. Louis County in Minnesota is the best organized along this line.

It has been repeatedly shown that legislation can do very little to remedy our deplorable situation of faulty income distribution. Our problem is to change a producer economy to that of a consumer economy. It seems that the most effective method of doing this is the co-operative plan. Many other suggestions to combat our ills have been followed. The co-op has proved its worth in many fields, and at least deserves a trial.

# Cinema Reviews

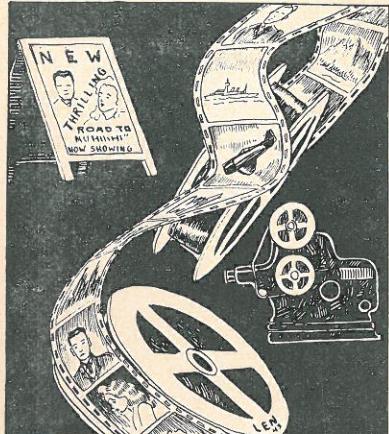
CLIFFORD A. RIEDE

*Mr. Riede is not satisfied with the movies and rightly so. Here he sets down a number of principles and observations which place him in the class of many other serious critics of the industry. This writing is a far cry from the usual impressionistic report on the art of the movies.*

From a small lot in California the cinema has grown into one of the vast industries of the time. And from the meager beginning of Hollywood there gradually grew the interest of the public until now the cinema presents itself as one of the chief means of entertainment in this vast chaotic world of ours.

People of today yearn for the modern and fascinating—and so the cinema is. With all its beauty and so-called glamour, the movies more or less are an origin for the many ideas prevalent in the minds of many persons today. His ideas about life, how to dress, how to live, etc., are often judged by what they would do in the movies.

Such a large following as the cinema has may be attributed somewhat to its immense advertising scale. The daily papers are constantly filled with news about the latest picture and what goes on among the film colony. Innumerable magazines are published for the sole purpose of information about Hollywood and its satellites; and the signboards are never lacking in publicity about the cinema. However, much of this notoriety is sadly lacking the truth. The dreams of the publicity agent more often just remain that and rarely do they materialize. It's amazing to know just what a few columns and a photograph or two will do to increase the crowds at the box-office, but that's all the publicity department is concerned with. Gigantic, stupendous, and colossal are familiar words with the publicity agent and so it seems is it with his usual blurb of fantastic advertisement. Clever scheming and planning by clever movie agents have "played up" many a poor piece of celluloid and as a result have snared many a person in its web of falsehood. Of course, there are those exceptionals who have learned by sad experience that it is not well to place too much faith in what is said about a movie,



but there still is a great percentage of persons who persist in believing whatever they see in print.

In the same category with the "blind believers" there is among the movie attendants the "hero worshipper." Such a type person is usually in the juvenile stage. He or she admires a certain star because of his heroic deeds performed on the silver screen or because she remains staunch and true to womanhood. While this notion prevails with the younger folk the idea of a "favorite star" is the guidance for the more mature cinema fans.

It is quite logical for anyone to have a preference for this or that star but this selection should be made on the grounds of acting rather than on the basis of looks. Of course, a handsome leading man with an attractive feminine partner is quite pleasing to the eye and in some cases such an asset is very helpful in placing your credence in the story that is to be told, but will this beauty in an actress make up for the loopholes that are left by her poor acting (taking for granted that there are some)? If a survey were made to find the answer to this question there is little doubt but that the answer would be in the affirmative. Proof of such a statement can be shown by the many picture shows throughout the country that are being seated to capacity whenever a poor movie is being shown but in which there is some film "idol" or "glamour" girl. As has been previously stated many people are fooled into going to see a picture but there are those too who go apparently just to please their sense of sight. Because of the human will there are many likes and dislikes but there is no reason why the variety of movies that are made can't be effected into good films—each type of movie in its own specific field maintaining a certain high degree or standard—and if this were done each movie would be worthy of its audience. Perhaps it seems as though this complaint is a useless one to make but there is one to whom the blame can be partly placed upon and that someone is the critic.

There is definitely lacking a serious and sober review of the cinema by our critics. If a person is going to be a movie critic or reviewer, let him stress the actor's ability to act and the sensibleness of the plot—if there is such a thing present—and not go off into a tangent about the star's past or present. So many critics go into detail about the star of a movie that by the time you finish the author's review you know more about the actor's life than about the picture. The life of an actor or actress may prove to be most interesting to a reading public but such biographies should be taken care of by persons designated for such a purpose and not by a movie critic.

Before any more discussion follows about the cinema and those concerned therein, it will be worthy to note just what the cinema is. Among the varied views on this subject, Kirk Bond's idea of the silent film may be received as a worthy one. According to him, "(it is) the observed motion of light and shade on a limited plane surface." It can be truly

stated that the accent in the cinema is placed on the all essential of the film—the movement.

In speaking of movement with reference to the cinema there is a four-fold division. First and foremost there are the actors themselves moving across the screen while at the same time occurs the second movement which is the regular changing of the background. The background rarely remains the same and although the general idea in the distance may be somewhat similar to the previous scene the photography of it is never the same. It may be a side glance at one time, a front view another, and so on. Thirdly there is the speed of the film caused by the cameraman when he is "grinding" or "shooting" the scenes during the production of the movie. Fourth, there are the movements of varying lengths. The duration of some shots are brief while others are considerably longer for the sake of emphasizing a particular scene.

After one makes a study of the films and their production it may be said that it is quite possible to classify the cinema under the term "art." Man's ideas can be definitely expressed by means of the motion picture in a very beautiful and dramatic fashion. Behind every work of art there are the artist's ideas and the expression of his very soul. This revelation of a man's ideas is accomplished with the aid of director, author, producer, cameraman, and actors. With the colloration of these artists in the production of a cinema it is evident that a fine piece of art may be produced.

If it is possible to have art in the cinema it must be said that there is very little of it visible in the movies of the present. Just a mere trifle of the many movies that are produced annually merit the title of art. Such a thing as the expression of man's soul is rarely thought of in Hollywood and because of this oversight on Hollywood's part, films are brought forth that are just the opposite of art.

Various proofs of Hollywood's forgetfulness of the demands of art can be discovered in sundry artistic weaknesses copiously present in some of the film productions today. Such an idea as the ever present happy ending demonstrates Hollywood's neglect of art and its bowing to the populace.

Regardless of previous foundations in the original book or play it seems that there is the constant need to apply the fairy tale idea of letting the hero and heroine be successful in life and remain happy ever after. As an example of this idea there was the magnificent play, *Winter-set*, that called for the boy, Mio, to try to revenge a ruthless killer (who had indirectly caused his father's death) and in turn correct the whole underworld system in New York. As in the play and according to the usual form of life, the youth was no match for such an undertaking and because of Mio's interference with the underworld and its creatures he met his death. Now the movies take the play and rearrange it so that due to some wild, tricky movement Mio overcomes Trock (his mur-

derer in the stage play) and is safe to marry the girl he loves.

Just as the happy ending is so disconcerting so also is the problem of motivation. Many cinemas have such poor reasons for the cause of actions and dialogue that it is an insult to a person's mentality to accept such nonsensical occurrences. Outstanding among the poorly motivated films is the musical comedy. However, here it might be overlooked since a musical is more or less attended for the music and comedy rather than for the acting and plot construction.

Nevertheless in some of the supposed good pictures the needless emphasizing of little unimportant matters causes the film to drag. For example, there is the much photographed and long drawn out scene of a flight and pursuit, of a person ascending or descending a staircase, and other similar details that deteriorate from the film.

But to repeat once again there have been some good movies that have been achieved and which merit the attention of college men.

As an example of the most outstanding film of our time there was the production of *Citizen Kane*, a picture that was practically a one-man accomplishment. The ever-rising and talented Orson Welles was the cause of such a gift to the cinema. Such a film caused one to think and feel every idea or motion that Welles wished to convey to his audience.

In his work of *Citizen Kane*, there is presented the idea of a youth being lost in a hard, unfriendly sort of world—a world that had as its goal wealth, power, and glory. Such worldly ideas soon became imbedded in the mind of this growing lad who thought that, if they were achieved, happiness would naturally be with them too.

The picture has revealed in a series of flashbacks that began with Kane's childhood, first as a boy of a rather poor family and from thence to a house of wealth. His love life was the next point that was emphasized and during his loves there was filmed intermittently Kane's editor days. From a prosperous newspaperman to a great politician the story unfolded and ended as the picture had begun with the announcement of the death of Kane—one of the country's greatest citizens.

Happiness had been little known to this man despite all his wealth and power. However, there formerly was a time when he had been happy and that period occurred in his early childhood when he was then "just another boy."

In this film Welles assembled a cast that had been entirely new to the movie world but despite their newness to the screen each one presented a sterling performance of reality.

The photography in this film was most unusual. There were any number of shots that had been photographed in some heretofore unused manner but the uncommon methods were most effective. Shots were taken in such a manner as to emphasize Kane's height, his domineering look, and his unhappiness. To convey the idea of chaos that prevailed in many scenes there were pictures of a parrot's wings fluttering excit-

edly. On seeing this picture such an idea of trouble was immediately presented to one's mind and yet this idea was accomplished in an unusual artistic fashion. The showing of old newsreels that had been supposedly taken of the famous Kane caused the idea of reality and authenticity to arouse from this biographical film.

These few examples are just some of the many reasons why this picture was judged as an artistic product.

It is true that Hollywood wants art and this is proven by the fact that each year Oscars are awarded to those individuals who merit these trophies for their acting, directing, photographing, etc. But it was not until Orson Welles invaded filmland's gates that one ever realized that such a high degree of art could be produced in one picture and in such an appealing mode. He has—as it were—set up a goal to be achieved by others in this city of make-believe. Once art is attained there is something lasting about it, something of fineness and quality accompanying it. Let art be denied from the films and the future of the cinema will not be—it will be passe'.

# What Names They Have

WILLIAM F. SCHENK

*This young writer from Xavier Hall has chosen to attack the problem of label names and has found it much fun. Quite likely that is because the men who first thought of using them thought it fun, too. If you have some favorites of your own, you may add them to the amusing collection here made up for you. It will be fun.*

Did you ever stop reading the comics to think about the names of such characters as Congressman Widebottom, Chief Wa Hoo, and Gusto? Did you ever notice how well these names fit? Take the Congressman for example. We all know that his past achievements have all been directed (from a sitting position) towards gaining a seat in Congress, that his present work is sitting in that seat, and that his aspirations for the future are to continue sitting there. And how does one better develop a "wide bottom" than by sitting? And as far as Wa Hoo is concerned, doesn't his name give a very good hint of what we can expect of him in some of his more exuberant, though less civilized, moments? And Gusto, can you find anywhere a better summary of the old fellow's greatest ability—"blowing?"

The thought of all this information that can be packed into the name of a character came to me the other week while I was hunting for a topic for a research paper. It really looked interesting too, especially since it seemed to be a chance to do a little enjoyable work. For after all, reading funny papers to hunt for names that give good pictures of the habits or characteristics of their owners is a lot better than paging through a cumulative index for hours on end, searching for information on the "Sack of Rome" or "Sulphanilamide."

There was no difficulty in finding names. Most of them are familiar, as Sappo and his everlasting trouble with fool proof inventions; Simp O'Dill, the prize student for any college; Rough House, so gently pampering the hamburger cravings of Wimpy; Dick Tracy, never failing to track down his man; and Professor Whatasnozzle, Mooseface, and Butterball, not belying their names with their figure and form. But a research paper had to have a little something in it that isn't so generally known. I decided, therefore, to learn the background of these common names.

The easiest place to find names seemed to be in the *dramatis personae* of plays, since the library had not made it a policy to save the comic strips of the last few centuries. I started out with modern plays, just to see whether or not they followed the comics in this device. The re-

sults were rather discouraging as a whole, but there was one "gem" in a long forgotten collection of pre-depression plays. It was *A Texas Steer*, written by Charles Hoyt in 1925. Most comic strips will have to go a long way to surpass the cast of this play. Here is a sample of it: Maverick Brander, a Texas cattle king; Colonel Blow, a bar tender; Brassy Gall, Esq., a member of the third house (some nerve); A. Whit-taker Bellows, a senator (the Tribune could hardly do better in its cartooning of Democrats); Green Woodhead, a judge; Lowe Dodge, an artist. This was what I wanted, but it seemed that extremely few of our modern playwrights had resorted to descriptive names.

Delving into the Victorian plays, I found even less. Probably the "delicate" high moral tone of the age didn't approve of such "vulgar" names as Shakespeare's Sir Toby Belch, or Sir Andrew Aguecheek or Snout, or Starveling. The only names in the whole Victorian era were in two plays, *Fashion* and *The Bucktails or American in England*. The *Bucktails* were quite a crew: Admiral Gunwhale, Major Longbow (his capable assistant), Threadneedle, a banker who had a flourishing business; Paddy Whack, a receiver most of the time; and finally Rust, the servant of Obsolete. In *Fashion* I liked Augustus Frog, a drawing room appendage and Snobson, a rare species of confidential servant.

After the Victorians, I took a jump of 300 years, and went back to the time of Shakespeare and his predecessors. There I found *Roister Doister* which had a fellow called Merrygreek. Today Greek and merry-making seem pretty far apart. Then there was Madge Mumble Crust, an old deaf nurse who chewed her words well before swallowing them. In sharp contrast was Tibet Talkapiece who imitated the chatter of a telegraph receiver, and her companion, Annot Alyface. After these, it seemed that every author from Ben Jonson to Dick Sheridan had resorted to descriptive names. There were such professional names as Razor, a valet (they must have shaved, even in those days) and Syringe, a surgeon; Mr. Soaker and Mrs. Barebottle (teetotalers, of course). Sir John Brute, Colonel Bully and Lord Rake were so named for their "kindness" to the wife of Sir John. Other oddities were old Tunbelly Clumsey and Sir Harry Bumper (surely very graceful) and Bramble, the lawyer and Sir Novelty Fashion, a fop.

Probably the best known label names are in the *School for Scandal* by Sheridan. These are found: Sir Benjamin Backbite, Lady Sneerwell, Snake, and Careless. Sir Ben, the nephew of Crabtree was a real chip off the old block! And could he sweep the snow off his neighbor's door-steps! Mr. Snake compliments Mrs. Sneerwell when he says: "Everyone allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a look than many can do with the most labored detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it." And she replys: "I have known no pleasure equal to that of reducing others to the level of my own reputation." And that wasn't a small drop either!

There seemed to be no end to the list of descriptive names in this period. Still, they didn't tell how or when they came into vogue. It was evident that I would have to go back farther.

This time I took a bigger leap into the past, about 1500 years. I acquired a copy of some of the plays of the Roman comedian, Plautus. Unfortunately, they were still in Latin. But with the aid of a dictionary and an aroused curiosity, I translated the *dramatis personae* of some of the plays. In the *Two Manaechmuses*, he has a cook. Probably the English equivalent, Mrs. Cylinder, would give some idea of her girth. Then he has a parasite (which Webster defines as one who ate at the table of another, repaying him with flattery, in the Greek and Roman antiquity) called *Peniculus*, which means the Sponge. Another is called *Curculio*, The Devourer, or the Weavil. Plautus certainly had a high regard for them.

Horace also used descriptive names in his Odes. One of his coquettes he calls *Pyrrha*, which means the Red Head. *Lelage* was the name of another heroine which means the Prattler in English. The footnote to this said: "A name chosen to suit the character of the girl whom Horace describes as 'sweetly laughing, sweetly chattering'." Thus both Plautus and Horace showed that the use of descriptive names had been invented before their time. One possibility remained; perhaps they had been brought into use after the Golden Age of Greece.

When it came to translating even the cast of the Greek plays, my curiosity almost failed, but I plunged in anyway. Luckily I found a translation of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, and it listed among its characters Strength and Force. Here I was in a quandary, for these characters were not men, but personified elements of nature. Could they be called descriptive names? Aristophanes further complicated matters in *The Frogs* with *Charon*, which means one having Joy; and according to one author he was so called from his bright flashing eyes. If true, it was a descriptive name; but I was in no position to prove that it wasn't.

I made one last attempt. Euripides had written a play called *Hippolytus*. The main characters were *Phaedra* and *Hippolytus*. They sounded interesting, and I found that the first meant The Bright or Shining One, and the second, The Horse Looser. The play was written in Greek, so I consulted the Encyclopedia to find out if Hippolytus was really a looser of horses and Phaedra a beautiful damsel. If they filled this description, I would know that the Greeks had used descriptive names. Thus I would be able to trace this ingenious device of our modern comic strips back to the days of Classical Greek antiquity. Everything hung on the plot of this play, so I quickly read what the Encyclopedia said. "Hippolytus was a son of Theseus. His stepmother, Phaedra, became enamoured of him, but finding her advances rejected, she hanged herself, leaving a letter in which she accused Hippolytus of an attempt

on her virtue. On this account, Hippolytus was sentenced to death by being drawn apart by two horses."

With this I gave up. It was too much. The names not only did not mean what they said, but almost the direct opposite. I refused to delve further into the "inspiring, shining folk lore of Greece." And I had no intention of going back to the Egyptians. Enduring my translations of the Greek, and the Greek's translation of the moral law was bad enough, but hieroglyphics was one step too far.

With this too, I gave up the wonderful idea for my research paper. It seemed as though the topic was bewitched. And it had all started out so nicely, too. But I never thought that after perusing the funny papers, I would page through practically every modern play in the library, through most of the Victorians, and scores of Elizabethan, Restoration, and Romantic plays; and then come to translating Latin Odes and Greek comedies. I didn't care any more how or when descriptive names came into use. Besides, my paper was already two weeks overdue.

# French? Turk? Arab?

RALPH C. BUSHELL

*This is a story for a linguist. In his intimate knowledge of the ways of the spoken word, he will see here a prime example of the possibility of error. But since every man is some kind of expert in the use of language, if that tongue is only "jive", the appeal of the story is general and good.*

Pedro Fernandez Juan Capistrano belongs to a very old Spanish family. His grandfather to the tenth degree was a Spanish grandee who had come to the "New World" to improve his fortune. In this he succeeded, but the next two generations soon undid his careful work and he died, a disillusioned old man.

Evil times set in with a vengeance only to be offset later on by better times. In fact they were prosperous times and most of the ancestral



lands had been rejoined to the again renowned hacienda. But history has a fatal way of repeating itself and by now Pedro's particular branch of the family tree had again bowed 'neath the weight of hard times. And so we find Pedro, driving a taxi by day and by night, or at least when the motor isn't running, spending his time in the intellectual company of the English, German, French, and Italian literary classics.

Now it was a soft spring day and all the windows of the taxi were rolled down to let in the soft spring zephyrs that might come skipping along. Pedro's heart was beating a fandango, for only this morning the Senor Jackson of the United States had presented him with a tooled-leather copy of the great Schiller's poetry in its original German.

Abruptly his mind was jerked back from his reverie by a shrill whistle. A frantic doorman was motioning for him to pull up to the curb. A fare was waiting.

Before Pedro could bat an eye, Herr Gustav had chopped off in bad Spanish the fact that, if it would be convenient for the driver, they would like to go to the state park.

"Si, Senor, the state bank?"

"Of course. That's what I said," meanwhile lapsing back into German, "You were right Gretal; the man must be Turkish. Why he doesn't even understand plain Spanish."

Herr Gustav Katzen was a man of small stature and sported a dapper mustache that belied any courage that might be ascribed to a male member of the species, *Homo Sapiens*. He had come South for the winter with his bride of many winters, Frau Gretal, to take in the fragrant airs of Buenos Aires and to get away from it all. (Whatever "it" was, none of us ever found out. Possibly because of what I am about to relate.)

Frau Gretal was the personified antithesis of all that might be ascribed to her timid husband. She was as large as he was small, and was the type that fitted in perfectly with the idea "until death do you part." Once she had determined on a course of action, nothing could deter her from it. Needless to say, it was in such a mood that she had drawn Gustav into the simply splendid idea of going to the park on this particular morning.

A couple of minutes elapsed in silence as the cab swung into the flow of traffic and headed for the bank. Frau Katzen was the first to notice the change of direction and, leaning forward, asked in German where Pedro thought he was going. Unfortunately, just at that moment, a bus horn blared out and the words were lost in the engulfing overtones.

In exasperation at not being understood, she turned to poor Gustav, "You talk to him. He doesn't know a word of German. Go on and ask him where he thinks he's going."

A short parley again ensued in bad Spanish and the "Comedy of Errors" continued.

"He says we're going to the state park, Gretal." Adding rather meekly, "He ought to know."

"Well I know different. He's trying to make us believe we have to go a long way and get that much more money out of us." And by way of after thought, "I don't like his looks. He reminds me of that Arab that robbed us in *Casa Blanca*."

"But Gretal, just a little while ago you said he was Turkish."

"I said nothing of the sort."

"Maybe he has a good reason for taking us this long way. And he's not an Arab; I think he's French," adding this last in an inaudible whisper that was mercifully drowned in the noise of the traffic.

"Look Gus. Now he's slowing down so he won't make that green light up ahead."

By this time she was so excited that she was blissfully ignorant of how near to being crushed they had come but for the quick application of the brakes on Pedro's part. A large van had swerved in too close at the intersection.

While waiting for the light to turn green, Gretal couldn't hold in any longer: "Gustav, ask him again where he's going. Go on, ask him."

Timidly poor Gus once more edged forward.

"Ahem, uh—uh—umm—ah, just where are we going?"

Pedro, who had heard every word that had been spoken, was mystified at the constant bickering but had wisely decided to keep his mouth shut. But at this question he replied rather huffily: "Why, Senor, to the state bank, as you said." At the same time giving Gus a penetrating glare.

At last the word *bank* sank home. "Oh no, I meant to say park. Park! Where the animals are."

"Oh, Senor, I am so sorry. I will turn about immediately. I shall even change the meter."

"Humph," the situation having been duly made clear to the still hostile Frau. "You notice he's only taking off a dollar. Now Gus, don't you dare tip him when we get out. He's making plenty off us as it is. Look at him smile at himself in the mirror. It's a good thing he doesn't know German or we'd never have caught him. Now he's stopping for another red light and there's not a car coming for blocks."

From the moment they left the hotel until the time when they finally reached the park, an almost uninterrupted flow of abuse had been poured into the ear of Gus. But at last the journey of torture came to an end. The cab pulled up before the shady gate to the park and Pedro swung the rear door open without leaving the driver's seat; he was so disgusted.

One look at the meter as she was emerging sent Frau Katzen into a helpless state of rage. The meagre sum of two dollars and ninety cents stared placidly back at her. She could think of nothing more potent to

say than, "Gustav Katzen, don't you dare give him more than what we owe him. If I thought the scalawag could understand German, I'd give him a piece of my mind that would last him for the rest of his mortal days."

Poor Gus meekly dipped into his wallet and produced three one-dollar bills, and with a hurried glance at his wife, who at that moment was casting barbed glances at another member of the same sex wearing an identical hat to hers, muttered, "Uh-heh-heh. Just keep the change."

"Oooh, no, no, no, Senor," in the same stage whisper and with a brilliant flash of teeth, Pedro produced the change.

As he received the thin, worn dime, Gus slipped up and muttered, "Danke Schön," to which came the startling reply in perfect German, "Bitte Schön, und Auf Wiedersehen."

Two men from the States happening by at the time were nearly bowled over by the headlong rush of a large German woman with a flaming countenance. She was making a bee-line for the nearest park gate, closely followed by a small man with a smaller mustache.

"Wonder what's eating the old woman?"

"I suppose her convoy said something that she took exception to," the other surmised, while a block farther on, a policeman was astonished to see a checkered cab pull up to the curb and its driver throw back his head in a wild gale of laughter.

# Chemistry At Work

JAMES R. BOGAN

*The memory of George Washington Carver is still so close and warm that the interest in the subject above is alive and throbbing. The man down on the corner, the fellow who fixes your tire, all will be just as curious as you are about this world of its own.*

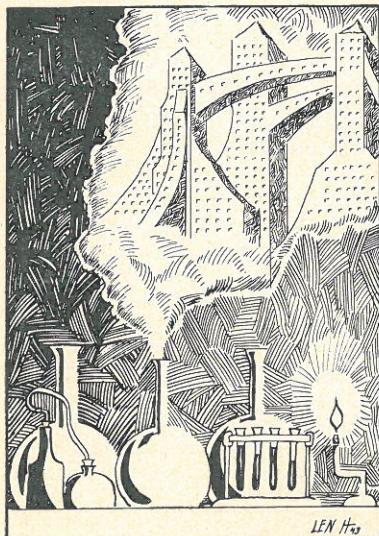
Upon hearing another mention the word, *Chemurgy*, you would rightfully conclude that it deals with chemistry. Certainly chemurgy does deal with chemistry viewing all phases in the most practical and useful aspects.

The word was coined by Doctor William J. Hale who first put the term in print in 1934. Although its derivation may be traced to the ancient Egyptians, we may simply say that the term was made by joining *chemi*, signifying chemistry, and *ergon*, a Greek word for work, defining chemurgy as "chemistry at work."

In a recent *Readers' Digest* article, chemurgy was defined as "that branch of chemistry devoted to the utilization of raw materials, especially farm products, for industrial purposes." Because of the fact that we in America today are

expending our efforts toward economy and usefulness, chemurgy's value to America approaches a figure similar to her present war debt—a figure which is definitely incalculable. Many noted chemurgists have made discoveries which upon application have saved millions of dollars.

To Doctor William Jay Hale is attributed the title "Father of Chemurgy." His research in this field has earned for him a place of lasting renown. However, the first and greatest chemurgist was Doctor George Washington Carver who died recently. He produced paint from a base of used motor oil and found the color in the clays nearby his laboratory. Doctor Carver has found over 300 uses for the peanut and issued a pamphlet entitled: *105 Different Ways to Prepare the Peanut for the Table*. This scientist issued another pamphlet entitled: *43 Ways to Save the Wild Plum Crop*. In another book he presented a list of over 100



grasses, weeds and wild flowers which could be used to make pies, salads, and grass sandwiches.

From the clays which Doctor Carver made color for paint, he also made pottery, wallpaper inks, and coloring for ornamental blocks. He turned corn, cotton, and sorghum stalks into insulating boards, produced paper from the branches of wistaria, sunflowers, and wild hibiscus, and devised uncounted other such ingenious processes.

At one time when he was speaking in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he spent a morning gathering herbs in that locality which had medicinal qualities. Then he purchased seven patent medicines containing these elements. These medicines, he proved conclusively to his audience, should have come from Tulsa instead of having been imported from New York.

Chemurgists deal mainly with the farmer and, accordingly, chemurgy rightfully should be called "the saviour of farming." Look at a simple example of cheese—just three pounds of cheese. An American home could eat one pound of cottage cheese; the remaining two pounds might be waste. But chemurgy has proved it possible to convert the second pound of cheese into a wool cloth, and the third into ashtrays, pen and pencil cases, pool and billiard balls, bathroom tumblers, piano keys, buttons, and an almost innumerable host of similar articles.

The process used in the conversion of the second pound of cheese is simple. Casein is recovered from sour milk and allowed to dry. After being ground, it is softened in water and dissolved in caustic soda in which the casein becomes a sticky white dough. After kneading and curing, it is diluted and forced through tiny holes that break it into hairlike filaments which subsequently harden into wool-like fibers in a sulfuric acid bath. This fiber is called casein wool and the threads are real protein fibers. They do not show much tensile strength nor water-repelling properties. Chemurgic research on these problems is progressing rapidly.

By a more involved chemical process the third pound of cheese is converted into plastic ivory which finds so many uses today. At one stage of the process this plastic ivory is easily molded; it then may be hardened into forms of articles similar to those mentioned above.

Soy-beans offer another outstanding example of chemurgy's value to American life. Henry Ford and those chemurgists associated with him in his laboratories first found that soy-beans could be used in the production of a lacquer for automobiles which proved much better than the pyroxylin paints used at that time. Then it was discovered that the soy-beans could be used to make automobile parts. We all recall that newspapers recently ran at some length pictures and write-ups of Henry Ford's soy-bean automobile—the frame of which had been produced completely from soy-beans. Cattle offer another instance of chemurgic value. Disregarding the food value, cattle grease is likewise a source of

glycerol that may end up as anti-freeze. Or, just to vary the process, the glycerol may become part of explosive dynamite.

These simple examples alone prove the value of chemurgy to the farmer. Determined in dollars and cents, these instances alone evidence tremendous saving. Doctor Carver's work on the peanut saves annually \$45,000,000 for the farmer and \$200,000,000 for industry.

Chemurgy persists in making use of unthought of materials and processes. With this view Father Julius A. Nieuiland of Notre Dame University developed synthetic rubber, or Neoprene, from coal, limestone, and salt. Add to those raw materials water and air, change the amounts and conditions somewhat, and the versatile Nylon results, as developed by DuPont and other collaborators. Using this same principle Dr. Carver found the varied uses of the peanut. He analyzed the peanut and, after placing before himself the separated components, he continually shuffled and shifted them from combination to combination.

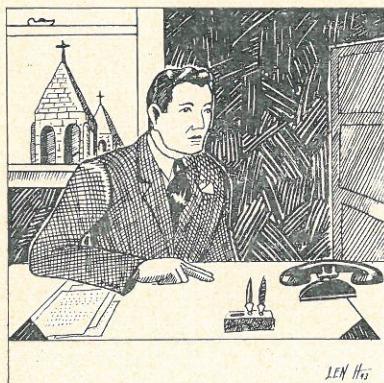
The comparative youth of this branch of chemistry tempts one to visualize the future. It is my conviction that some chemurgist will succeed in disregarding the much-used coal, limestone, and salt and simply produce cloths from air—with probably some water thrown in. Or perhaps, they will just weave water magically. Although Doctor Carver's death is a serious blow to chemurgy, I am sure that branch of chemistry will boldly blaze its economical path across the annals of history. The motto should now be: "Better Living Through Chemurgy."

# A Catholic Can Be A Success

GEORGE A. ELLSPERMANN

*These are the arguments; see for yourself.*

A Catholic college student who is preparing himself for his entrance into the business world often finds these questions constantly placed before him. "Can I be a successful business man and at the same time be a good Catholic? Can I fulfill my vocation in life and still retain my ideals of honesty and justice?"



Perhaps one who does not have a solid foundation in Catholic ideals, one who has not persevered in the carrying out of these ideals will answer with a "No." But as for the energetic Catholic, the Catholic who sets as his goal something higher and more beautiful than the pleasures of the world, his answer would be a very emphatic "Yes."

We realize that it will take a Catholic who is sincere in the practice of his faith to be able to withstand all the dishonest and unjust dealings so prevalent in the business world today. Business men soon discover that it is a shrewd world that we live in. They realize that business is carried on in a manner in which a *man takes all he can get, and in any way he can get it.*

There is a decided lack of justice, consideration for a fellow-being, honesty, and respect in business today. Some feel that they must act dishonestly or else there is no chance for them to succeed. Such a belief is utterly false. Business men may be able to act dishonestly and unjustly for a while, and completely fool the public. However, it is not at all complimentary to the human race as such, to say that they can be fooled all the time.

In the long run, the dishonest business man is the loser. The buying public feels that they are entitled to a fair return for their money and they will get just that. If they can't get it from one concern, it is a comparatively simple matter to shift their business to another, having in mind the selection of the honest and dependable concern.

If the Catholic business man is well grounded in the ideals which the Church sets up for business, and carries out these ideals in his routine dealings, difficulties will never touch him. He will not only stay in business, but will be a worthy competitor, for his business is the com-

pletely honest one. And being such, it will be recognized by the public as the wholly reliable place to deal.

The duty of being fair and honest with his employees is likewise incumbent on the Catholic business man. To those in his employment he must grant a living wage. This wage must be sufficient to support in reasonable comfort the worker and his family. It must be enough to enable him to save toward his comfort in old age.

This just living wage cannot be stated in a specific sum of dollars and cents. Many factors have to be considered before a decision can be reached as to the amount that wage should be. Chief among these factors is the locale in which a person works. Living conditions vary in sections of the country. Prices of rent, fuel, food, clothing, household needs, recreation, etc., are never identical all over the country.

Likewise the state of business must be considered in setting this wage. No one can afford to pay a wage higher than the business can supply. This would spell disaster both for the employer and the employee. Therefore, if wages are too high, an unemployment problem is created just as if wages were too low.

It is patent, then, that the task of determining what is a living wage will require concentrated work on the part of the employer. The Catholic business man will find that his judgment of a living wage will bear heavy weight on the question of contentedness of the employees. We must always remember that the real success depends, more than anything else, upon the contented worker. "A satisfied worker is the best worker" is a universal understanding in business.

Besides just wages there are other things which will have a bearing on the satisfaction of the employee. If he is assured of a safe and sanitary working place, he will be much happier in his work. With a feeling of safety during work hours he will be able to concentrate more fully on the task before him, and not think about the possibility of accidents. More than ever before business men are beginning to realize that sanitary and safe shops are absolutely necessary. With this realization most of them have striven to provide as comfortable conditions for their workers as the circumstances will permit.

Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical on the *Reconstruction of the Social Order* suggested that the employer grant to the employees a share in the ownership, profits and management of the business. This could be effected by granting a stock bonus or cash bonus to the workers each year from the profits derived from operations of the business. Common stock, issued with a voting right attached, could possibly give the employees a voice in the management of the business. These measures would also tend to satisfy the worker since he would then be a part owner, and as such, would want to do better work in order that he himself would derive greater returns from his part ownership.

A deeper and more common relationship between the owner and the worker would inevitably result from such treatment. Perhaps in the beginning the owner may lose a few dollars, but more likely, he will not. Even if he should suffer losses in the outset, they will be overshadowed by future gains that will accrue to him due to the fact that he treated his workers as human beings; and they, appreciating such treatment, will do all in their power to see that their employer prospers.

But what have all these considerations to do with the Catholic college business student? Simply this: since it will be the duty of the student, in later years, to pass judgment on problems similar to the ones mentioned above, he will need a very clear and deep rooted knowledge of the true Catholic ideals. Of himself he probably cannot study every possible detail. He will need the assistance of his professors in college.

These professors, whether laymen or priests, must educate our young men and women in such a way that the Catholic ideals and concepts of business be well understood. It is a vital task that these educators have before them, for many a business transaction of the future will be decided by the knowledge of honesty and justice that these future business men acquire in their student days. What their moral character will be, whether they will be selfish or self-sacrificing, materialistic or truly Catholic, depends in great measure upon those who are molding the young mind.

The students themselves as potential business men have the corresponding duty to apply themselves wholeheartedly to the task of imbibing as much knowledge regarding Catholic principles of business as possible. If all the young men and women fulfill their obligations now, we can be assured of a business world where conditions of honesty and justice will be present. We shall have business conducted in such a way that it will be impossible to prosper by cheating. Morals will be such that to be a good business man one will have to be a good man in every way. With these ideals and a competent sense of procedure, the Catholic will prosper both materially and spiritually.

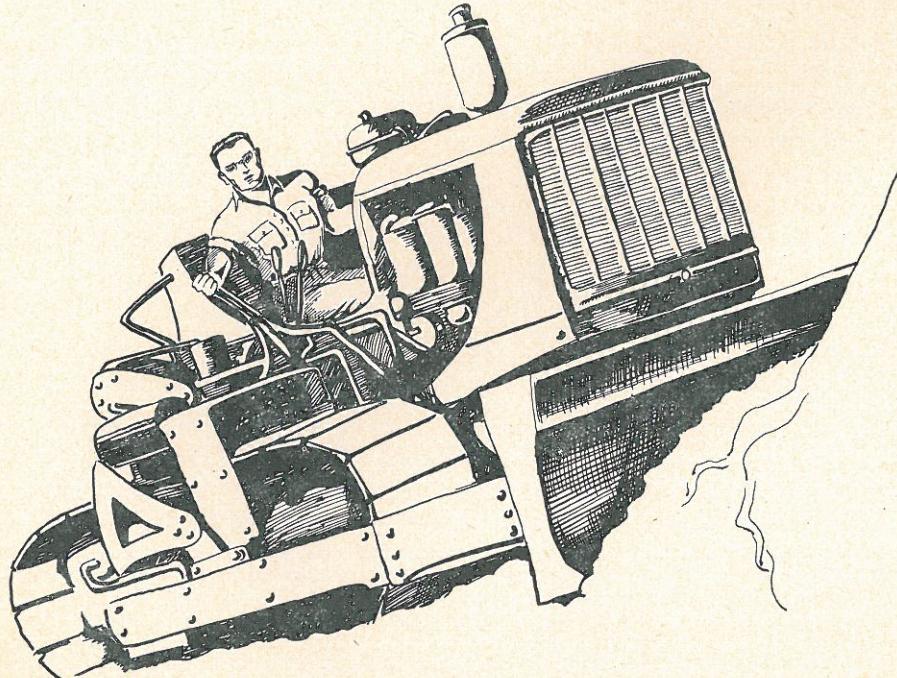
# Caterpillar King

LEONARD J. HERRIGES

*You know the American principle that whatever is bigger must be better. It was born of the pioneer days, in the prairies, in the Rockies, in the discovery of fabulous wealth. We all think of it and love ourselves for doing so, so we should all find a cosy place for this friend of ours, Caterpillar King.*

"Caterpillar" Carson got his name from the famed caterpillar tractors that he has always driven. No doubt, 'most everyone has heard of "Cat" Carson at some time or other, for I reckon word of his doings has gotten round almost as much as he has, at least every contractor or construction engineer that has dug a ditch has heard of "Cat" and the might of his famed Caterpillar bulldozer. Like the time the U. S. government was worryin' about how to gouge out the Calebra Cut in the Panama Canal—but that's gettin' a mite ahead of the story.

I reckon as how "Cat" must have started fooling with tractors and such before he shed his three-cornered britches. Anyhow he never would set foot on his tricycle like the rest of the kids, so his dad finally wound



up by buyin' him a McCormick-Deering tractor. Little "Cat" won himself quite a local reputation with that there tractor—especially as how on Hallowe'en nights he would roar about the town pushing over cut-houses with it. Then there was the time when "Cat" was only ten years old and the river was running high, threatenin' to sweep away the whole lower end of town. So young "Cat" just hitched the buildings to his tractor and dragged them one by one up on high ground. After the flood went down they just didn't bother moving the town back to the original site, so they renamed it Cat City. They still tell stories in that town of how young Cat, after the young folks was through skatin' on winter nights, would bring out his tractor, and roll up the ice, so the snow wouldn't fall on it, and ruin it. Then the next night he would unroll it again, and all the young 'uns would go a skatin' about.

Well Cat was fairly content with things until one day he laid eye on the first real honest-to-goodness Caterpillar tractor that he had seen. The endless belt of whirling treads and the smoke belching diesel engine struck his eye and nothing would do but that he should junk his old McCormick-Deering and get one of them there Caterpillars. He took out a mortgage on the city waterworks and bought himself the best caterpillar he could find. Well, at the age of twelve he went out with that there cat-bulldozer and started doin' contract jobs for engineers. On one railroad job he stocked, leveled, graded, and stamped a hundred miles of railroad right-of-way in a single day, as well as cleaning up a few jobs such as fillin' in two ravines, pushing a hill several hundred yards out of the way, and cuttin' a grade through two miles of solid timber. So, Cat paid for the bulldozer and took off the mortgage from the city waterworks in less than a month, and was knockin' off jobs so fast that the unions were thinkin' of organizing and outlawing Cat, as he was throwin' too many men out of work. Cat could see things that way and besides, his bulldozer was about worn out. So he decided to lay off awhile and have a new bulldozer made accordin' to his own specifications. Well, Cat drew up his plans and took them over to Peoria in Illinois where the Caterpillar works are. It took a heap of talkin' to get the caterpillar people to take the contract but they finally did, and they had to build an addition for their factory and hire two thousand extra men, but they finally got to work on Cat's new bulldozer. The Peoria folks say as how they never heard such a blastin' rattle of rivet hammers and crashing of iron plates for two solid months until Cat's bulldozer was finished. Then came the big day and Cat himself, all brawny seven foot of him, cranked up the Ford gas engine which was used to start the huge diesel motor to which it was attached. Well, the Ford motor hummed right off and Cat threw in the starting gear on the diesel and the big oil burner burst into action with such a blast that all the windows within twenty blocks were shattered. The black exhaust was whanging out of that diesel so fast and thick that

Peoria almost stole the title of "Smoky City" from Pittsburgh, and when Cat threw in the driving gears and let out the clutch, that there bulldozer went out with such a roar and vibration that all the people from southern Illinois to Kansas started runnin' for their hurricane or tornado cellars.

Well, I reckon as how one could write for a year about the exploits of Cat and still not really get started. Cat went on stayin' out of trouble with the labor unions by doin' jobs which were impossible for anyone else to even try. Just for instance, there was the time that he was called over to Constantinople by the almighty potentate of the Mohammedans. It seems as how the original Mohammed couldn't get the mountain to come to him, so he went to the mountain, as the sayin' goes. Well, this twentieth century Mohammed was a lazy cuss and he wanted things the other way round, so he called in Cat. Well, Cat had to tie twenty transport ships together so as to make a raft big enough to float his bulldozer over to Asia Minor. The British were going to charge him twenty thousand dollars to take it past Gibralter, but Cat just ordered them to step aside or he would unlimber the big bulldozer and push over the Rock of Gibralter into the next continent. Well, once he got the bulldozer over into Asia Minor the rest was easy. He just rattled out to the mountain which the Mohammed had selected, got in behind it, dug in with his bulldozer blade, and turned the Diesel loose. Well, the exhaust smoke was so terrific that there was a black-out in Asia Minor for a week, and then the exhaust smoke drifted down across Africa in a black cloud and settled there. They say that is why the negroes in Africa suddenly became five shades blacker. Well, Cat rolled that there mountain right up into Mohammed's palace, collected the fee, and headed home. The last time he saw the Mohammed, he was skiing down the mountain on a glacier.

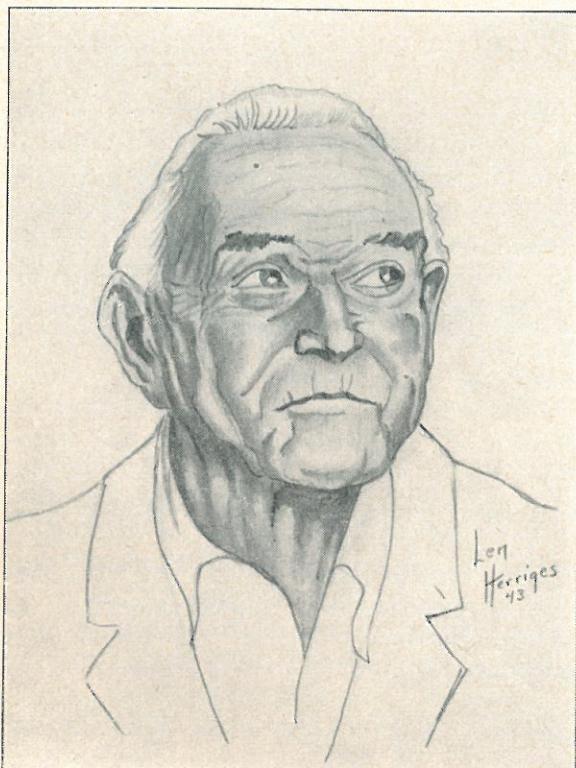
Just where Cat is right now would be hard to say, but some hint that he is bulldozing a road from the United States to Alaska, so the U. S. forces could smack the Japs from the Arctic circle. Of course, that would be a military secret, and who could say for sure?

# Small Town Philosopher

VINCENT J. GIESE

*Grandpap never ordered this to be written, and you may be sure that he would bmmph and grunt some kind of disapproval for this "foolishness." Nevertheless, here it is and he deserves it.*

Life in our small town came to a brief pause the other day, brief enough to allow the townsfolk to attend the funeral of one of its oldest and most revered patriarchs, Anthony Deener, better known as Grandpap.



It was an ordinary funeral, for grandpap was an ordinary man. The little town doesn't have a library in grandpap's name, nor did he leave a hundred thousand for philanthropic purposes. Grandpap left a lot of fond memories and good will, though. For that he will always be remembered even after the town's library rots away.

Everybody that could get away gathered in our little parish church. The good priest offered his Mass, gave his eulogy and drew his moral. Some good souls mourned grandpap's death; others just prayed.

After it was all over small town life resumed exactly where it had left off, almost as if nothing had ever happened.

Almost as if nothing had ever happened; something really did happen when grandpap died. Before many days had slipped quietly by, the people knew what had happened. They felt grandpap's death just as the town felt of emptiness.

He was typical of our little town. Just like the town he was a little old fashioned, yet not unaware of the modern age with its false philosophies. He wasn't unaware of all these because he worried about them.

He worried about these philosophies, though he probably never did know what the word philosophy means, because they were forgetting all about man as a human with all the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Just as he knew wherein the trouble lies, he also knew the solution. He was convinced that the only way all these ailments of mankind could possibly be cured was by the application of the age-old rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." This had always been his philosophy of life since the first time he saw it inscribed above the door of that little red school house where he received his only book learning.

Many were the times he would refer to the golden rule as he sat in his favorite chair in Elmer's barbershop. Many were the times that we heard and never grew tired of hearing him tell us that it seemed to him the spirit of that rule passed away with the little school house, and that until that spirit once more became the spirit behind all education we would never realize true peace and justice. That golden rule unlike the red school house is imperishable.

Grandpap died in the midst of another war, a war which he, for the first time in his life, was unable to do anything about except to tell the youngsters to fight hard as Americans always have done in times of threat. Grandpap lost two sons in the last war; in fact, he himself had fought for two hard years in the Civil War. He knew, perhaps more than anyone, what fathers and mothers are going through as they see their sons leave home to fight. In our little town today there is many a father and mother that still remember grandpap telling them not to feel too badly, for their sons are fighting with all they have that their own wives or future wives will never have to undergo the anguish which their mothers underwent the day her boy said, "So long, mom. Keep your chin up," and then went off to war.

Yes, grandpap knew life. He had learned it the hard way, the only way, the way of experience. Is it little wonder that our town feels of emptiness now that he is gone? It lost all those little reflections on life and heart-warming tales which grandpap used to tell by the hour in Elmer's barbershop. Those were as much a part of our community as the fire signal on the telephone or the court-house benches.

Pages could be written on grandpap's life. If they were all written they would include a history of our town. Our town grew up with grandpap. It grew out of the good old days, the days of open fireplaces, sassafras tea, homespun clothes and asafetida bags. Yet grandpap disliked the phrase "good old days." He knew that those days were good only in the sense that good people wrote their history; they were hard, hard days. Yes, pages and pages could be written about Anthony Deener, but they wouldn't fill that empty chair down in Elmer's barbershop. As far as the little town is concerned that chair will never be filled.

Some day when you pass through our town, stop in at Elmer's and ask anyone there to tell you about Anthony Deener. They'll all be willing to tell you about him, all of them from little jam-faced kids to tobacco-chewing codgers. They all knew and loved him. Grandpap was our small town philosopher.

## Hope Is Tomorrow

By JACK JUTT

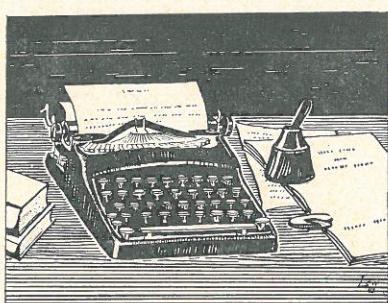
The evening sky in crimson glory  
Seldom ever tells a story  
But this one did.  
To me it said  
Hope defies the setting sun  
Our hopes never end when day is done  
But always seek another day  
To chance a chance or play a play.  
Hope is merely what we borrow  
Of particles that are tomorrow.

## EDITORIAL

# Philosophy In Time Of War

FRANCIS L. KINNEY

The writing of this editorial was prompted by the recent symposium which appeared in the *New Scholasticism*. Because the topic is so timely and thought provoking, the exposition of the main ideas of the symposium in this treatise should do much to clarify the status of philosophy in war time, and its relation to the physical sciences.



Ever since Pearl Harbor there has been a growing tendency to minimize the importance of philosophy and other cultural sciences, and to extol the physical sciences which evidently have such a large bearing on the war effort. Both military men and educators have fostered this attitude. Undoubtedly, they are justified in discarding some of our contemporary American philosophy which is by its very nature hostile to the ideals for which we strive. But in casting out these false doctrines, they have likewise cast ominous glances at philosophy as a whole. In this regard these pragmatics are woefully at fault.

Contrary to the opinion of these practical-minded men, sound philosophy plays a basic role in the present conflict. It is the basis of conflicting philosophies which divides most of the United Nations from the Axis. Our philosophy is that of reason; the Axis believes in force. This is the ideological foundation for our war; we are fighting to keep reason alive in the world, to prevent its being replaced by mere physical might. That objective must so dominate our minds that our technical skills and our record production may be carried on with the greatest efficiency. Unless there is a return *en masse* to a philosophy which can lead us to an objective standard of righteousness, what difference would it make whether the United Nations earn the final victory or the Axis? The United States has its foundation in a philosophy which establishes a basis for abiding and universal principles of morality above time and place. Only this philosophy will save it from the threatening chaos of subjectivistic tendencies.

The relation of philosophy to the physical sciences has become a particularly touchy subject of late. In the midst of this war which is mechanized in almost every respect and which utilizes physical techniques

to the utmost degree, the philosopher would appear to be a glaring anachronism. If one but pauses to scratch the surface, it becomes evident that it is only the philosopher who is concerned with the ultimate values. Physical sciences, after all, can but teach us how to work with the forces of nature in order to reach certain ends. Philosophy and Religion alone are the determinants of these ends.

That men have lost the sense of what human ends should be is shown by war. In the last analysis, war is due to the pursuit of different ends. Thus, only the discovery of a true or an adequate philosophy will put an end to our wars. That is the search to which the philosopher has been devoted.

Perhaps the greatest quarrel against philosophy in time of war is that it is not practical. This again arises from a misconception of the functions of the science. "Philosophy has a definite position in human knowledge which cannot be changed even if it is thought of in connection with war. Thus it will never be practical in the ordinary sense of the word. In times of peace it will not tell a man the principles of refrigeration or how to make phonographs or where to catch fish. And in times of war it will not tell either an individual or a nation the principles of aerodynamics or how to make guns or what supplies to take to the Arctic."

But there is another sense in which philosophy is practical. When the principles of philosophy are taken as norms for human actions, they are preeminently practical. Moreover, besides setting down rules of conduct, philosophy sets forth definite goals to be reached in the acting. The violation of these rules of right conduct may, and often does, end in war. It is the duty of the philosopher to bring into line those who have violated the rule of reason, and to assert the righteousness of the rules themselves.

What philosophy shall prevail then in winning the war and establishing the peace which is to come? It cannot be the philosophy of those who doubt or experiment. Such men are not sincere lovers of the true and good; they are mere pseudo-philosophers. Conviction and courage is required of him who is to wield truth as a weapon in the war and in the establishment of the peace. Such a one must be a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle or an Aquinas. He must live his convictions. That is the acid test of his philosophy and the greatest contribution he can render to his country and to the world.

## Book Reviews

*Pageant of the Popes*, by John Farrow, New York, Sheed and Ward, 1942, 420 pp.

WILLIAM SCHENK

It is a strange fact that we study for years the history of our temporal governments and rulers, but the history of our spiritual government and rulers, we hardly read. Perhaps this



thought induced John Farrow to write this panorama of the popes in a style that would appeal to modern readers. But, whatever his motive may have been, he has succeeded in giving us the colorful, living story of those very human leaders of the Church since the death of her Divine Founder. He doesn't pull his punches. He tells us what every Catholic

should know about the lives of the popes, both the bad and the good.

He tells how nepotism, intrigue, murder, and even worse things have at times shrouded the papacy with gloom. We have all heard smatterings of the crimes of Alexander VI and Benedict IX, and others, but he gives us the full story with the underlying causes and the ensuing results. At times, the picture is dark and shows the terrible weakness in the human leaders of the divine Church, but out of it all comes to us the realization of the wonderfulness of the divine Church. How it could endure for 1900 years guided by the erring, vacillating hand of man without a contradiction in fundamental doctrines or a break in succession—there is nothing in all history to compare with it.

But there is also a bright side to the picture. Farrow rises at times to the same heights he reached in *Damien the Leper* when he describes the lives of those popes such as Gregory who, when faced with unsolvable problems, unendurable hardships, and almost general treason, rose above them with determination and courage that refused to give up. There were great saints who opposed the great sinners, physicians who alleviated the evils of society brought on by man's own shortsightedness.

*The Pageant of the Popes* reads almost like a novel. The main character is not a man but an office, and the opposing forces which bring constant conflict and struggle are the events in history—the persecutions, migration of nations, Renaissance, Luther. It is only the first fifty pages of the book that read like history. Here a large accumulation of dates and names holds back the story, since in this brief space Farrow gives a sketch of each of the hundred popes who reigned before the eighth

century. But after this, the flowing style and the masterful development of the plot of opposing forces make the history remarkably interesting.

Probably one of the greatest merits of the book is the appropriateness of its appearance. Today we are aware of the pope's increasing prestige among all the people of the world. To some it may seem unnatural that he has so much influence. Yet, as *The Pageant of the Popes* well points out, it is not something new, but merely the return of something old. The pope is merely regaining part of that prestige which, though his by right, was taken away by the Protestant Reformation and the godless generations that followed it. He is beginning to be looked upon again by the nations as the vicar of Christ upon earth.

*I Saw The Fall Of The Philippines*, by Carlos P. Romulo, New York, Country Life Press, 1942, 323 pp.

THOMAS J. JOYCE

The lethargic American mind, which has been repeatedly accused of not keeping pace with the current development of the world-wide upheaval that has been thrust upon us, is due to receive a most startling shock upon reading the very vivid and graphic portrayal of war as it is fought in our day, depicted in *I Saw The Fall Of The Philippines*. This stirring and dramatic tale of the defense and capitulation of Corregidor Island and the Bataan Peninsula is related by a very competent writer who experienced the unenviable rigors and terrors which were the battle fields of Bataan, and who was the last man to leave the desolate scene of heroic fighting and noble dying in the very teeth of the oncoming hordes of Japanese.

The author is the former editor and publisher of the D.M.H.M. chain of newspapers which were printed on the Philippine Islands, namely Carlos P. Romulo. At the outbreak of the hostilities he was ordered to duty by General Douglas MacArthur and appointed to the position of Director of Press Relations which proved to be a very essential office, highly instrumental in preserving the morale of a doomed people up to the very end. It was he that operated the radio "Voice of Freedom" from the rock tunnel on Corregidor Island, a task for which the Nipponese placed a price on his head. Mr. Romulo was rapidly advanced to the commission of Colonel in the U. S. Army, and on several occasions was cited for bravery beyond the call of duty.

This is the Filipino patriot who revealed to the world the two components of hell, Bataan and Corregidor. The grim horror which Romulo describes can hardly be realized by civilians of America as yet uninitiated to the tragedies that make up the war. Can we fully comprehend the

tortures and human suffering of living in a fox hole for two months without being even momentarily relieved, eating there when rations were to be had, sleeping there during the infrequent spells when relaxation would and could come, fighting there with the firm and untiring conviction that help was on the way, and even making the supreme sacrifice by dying there? Can we force ourselves to become aware of the reeking stench of dead bodies which lay everywhere exposed to the merciless heat of a tropical sun, or of the hardships undergone by those gloriously brave nurses in the tunnel on the rock, those angels of mercy who attended the victims of incessant air raids? Perhaps we can, to a degree, appreciate the intensity of emotion which swelled on the breast of Colonel Romulo and his aides upon salvaging a few bottles of Coca-Cola from a cargo ship sunk in Subic Bay—a common item to us since it can be purchased for a few cents at the corner drug store.

These are the shocking tales told by a man who has not since the evacuation of Manila seen or heard of his wife or sons. It will do many people of our nation much good to read the candid revelation of a man who has felt the lash of the Japanese war machine, a man who has seen a well organized Filipino army suffer ignoble defeat at the hands of a mightier foe. The reading of this book will serve to startle the indolent citizen from his lethargy. It will make him begin thinking and cause him to awaken to the fact that "it could happen here."

*The Days of Ofelia*, by Gertrude Diamant, Boston, The Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1942, 286 pp.

JOSEPH M. CONDICH

*The Days of Ofelia* is the product of an American's short stay in Mexico City. The occasion for the visit is the making of a series of Intelligence Tests of the Otomi Indians, but the I.Q. of the Otomis figures but little in the story. This is the background which Miss Diamant uses to weave into the story of her young serving-girl, her people, and their way of life. Ofelia, the little Mexican maid, is the unifying theme and predominates throughout the book.

However, the work attempts most of all to study and to portray the life and character of the Mexican Indian. Revealing at all times a sympathetic interest and real love for the Mexicans, Gertrude Diamant manages at times to pierce the veil and illuminate the soul of a noble race. In certain passages there is evidence that she labors under burdens of personal prejudice and misunderstanding. Miss Diamant seems fully unable to appreciate the full significance of Mexico's cultural background. The period before the Revolution she dismisses, almost with a shrug of her shoulders, as having done very little for the Indians. As a whole, though, the book does give a passingly accurate view of a limited cross-section of Mexico.

As a story *The Days of Ofelia* possesses a certain degree of interest and charm in spite of its rambling and often none too coherent structure. There are occasional places where the author rises above the commonplace and gives real beauty to her story. Particularly worthy of notice is the description of Ofelia's illness and her delirium. On the other hand, there are times when Miss Diamant is unnecessarily crude and naturalistic.

It is gratifying to note that some Americans are beginning to take an interest in Latin-America. Some people, at least, are trying to understand our neighbors in the South. If their efforts are not completely successful, as *The Days of Ofelia* is not, at least the attempt is praise worthy. In so far as this book attempts to understand the Mexicans, it has real value.

*Old Principles and the New Order*, by Vincent McNabb, O.P., New York, Sheed & Ward, 1942, 246 pp.

PAUL A. MAINZER

Convinced that our present economic and social problems can be solved by a true Christian and Catholic sociology, Father Vincent McNabb presents, interprets, and illustrates well the age-old dogmatic and moral principles that will effect a new order of things, a social reorganization and reconstruction of society.

As a solution to the modern difficulties, the author proposes primarily a withdrawal from city life and a return to the country, to farm life. As a sort of corollary to the proposal, Fr. McNabb adds that the town is the servant and not the master of the country. Consequently, both the country-men and the city-dwellers must cooperate as far as possible lest the town, with its markets, finery, and money, again enslave and degrade the country. As a result the town itself will be degraded.

Naturally these propositions arise from certain principles and undeniable facts. Perhaps the most fundamental of those mentioned is the one that there is a God, a Creator, Whom we are to love and serve. This we cannot do unless we first love and serve our fellowmen. Secondly, the family is the unit of all social life. The value, then, of all social proposals can be tested only by their effect on the family. According to a psychological principle, one cannot expect more than average virtue from the average man. In that case, a set of circumstances which demand heroic virtue from the average person is an occasion of sin. By reason of the moral principle that these occasions of sin are to be changed, they must be overcome by flight if not by fight. Thus as large industrialized urban areas are occasions of sin in demanding more than average virtue from an individual, the flight of the occasions should be not *from* the land but *to* the land.

The problem of the hour, then, is the problem of the land. Only when one's area of production is nearly co-terminous with his area of consumption will the most efficient and stable economic unit be established. In this arrangement the individual has primary real wealth almost to the point of self-support. Thus he will have little need of secondary real wealth such as transport and markets. For him, token wealth, as currency and checks, will be almost unnecessary.

In the arguments for the stabilization of the economic system, the family is of major importance. Besides being the unit of land work, the family is the co-operative unit of a co-operative state. The family is not for production but production is for the family. In this respect the aim of a land policy is not the encouragement of production of commodities by the land but the settlement of families on the land.

Already Father McNabb's efforts and labors in this field have brought results. English Catholics, motivated by the love of God and the desire for full family life, have bravely left England's cities and towns for the country soil. Without a doubt very few of these would return to their former mode of living, even if given the opportunities to do so. This would only help to prove the soundness and saneness of the author's principles and proposals.

See *Here, Private Hargrove*, by Marion Hargrove, New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1942, 211 pp.

LEONARD GOETTEMOELLER

The good old American spirit—do what's right and never worry—will out, and just so with *Private Hargrove*, now Corporal Hargrove. The feeling flutters about this book that if you don't like it, you don't have to read it—the way an American looks at things. But though you may receive such a candid impression you won't take the advice, for you'll like it.

*Private Hargrove*, in typical friendly American manner, gives gentle warning to all prospective members of the organization to which he belongs, the U. S. Army, what to do and what not to do after induction. He then proceeds to evidence of what happened to a man who disregarded these rules. What follows is a classic of American humor—virulent, unaffected and what is most important in a book of this kind, really funny.

This book was written just to be funny. It doesn't plug hatred of Nazis, or excite sympathy for our boys in the service. It sticks to the "straight goods" of what happened to a fellow in the U. S. Army, without dragging in details which don't count.

*Near Horizons*, by Edwin Way Teale, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1942, 319 pp.

ALVIN L. HERBER

Early spring with the promise of new life begs me come apart from the life I know to appreciate the happiness it is so capable of providing. Enveloped in the rapture which nature proffers, I long to encompass all peace thus afforded. A story, a book is a logical answer, one in which I can expound my thoughts and emotions, just like Edwin Way Teale did in his *Near Horizons*.

*Near Horizons*—Yes, indeed they are. “But,” you ask, “what horizons? And where?” Mr. Teale gives the responses in his first chapter. In this approach to his subject matter he introduces himself as “an explorer who stayed at home, a traveler in little realms,” his little kingdom being in an old apple orchard near Hempstead, Long Island. He is one who, with knowledge, a good deal of observation, and appreciation, has attempted to set forth his thoughts and emotions on nature as he finds it existing in this little region, and thus, at the same time, open to his readers an interesting field.

Since man is always eager to learn something more about the world in which he lives, a study of nature will not be reproachful. Mister Teale does not describe isolated or rare phases of nature. He acquaints us with katydids, moths, froghoppers, beetles, antlions, moles, plant lice, and water striders. Things still a mystery to you need be so no longer. The poor eyesight of many insects, insect noises at night, how mosquitoes find you in the dark, and what keeps ant and bee colonies together; why beetles invariably always land on their hard backs, how mild winters account for fewer bumblebees and wasps—these and other questions are brought to the front and explained. And have you ever considered insect personality? Or if you have been wondering how our world looks to the insects, here is your chance to learn. And please, do come to meet Jean Fabre, nature’s historian from Serignan, France, and William T. Davis, the cicada man of Staten Island.

But before the author could hope to make a favorable presentation of nature he must, of course, be prepared to tell his story well. For smooth, flowing diction I must commend this work. But, perhaps contrast is more predominant, particularly in its originality. How often has the blistering sun of summer planted you into a “soggy biscuit” atmosphere, or how many times has the chatter of a marsh wren plucked your nerves with a noise comparable to that produced by a “miniature unoiled lawnmower”? Nor is it very difficult to recall days when “sunlight ran like a streak of melted butter” through the leaves of trees and down over their trunks.

The material is handled in thirty sections, each dealing with different

things and beginning in his descriptive, invitational style. Of these the history of the wasp and the story of the praying mantis were the most interesting. Likewise, the books are few and far between which will publish a formula stating that the approximate temperature is equivalent to a number of beats per minute divided by four, and then adding forty. Here the writer was referring to the fiddling tree-cricket.

Nor are technical terms harbored in this book. In fact, the author has listed in an entomological epilogue over eighty scientific names in contrast with those used in the work itself. Mister Teale is man enough to tell what he has to say without them; and what is more, the auhor has incorporated into his account more than 160 photographs, which he "throws in" for good measure. Indeed he is as excellent a photographer as he is an author.

# Exchanges

JOHN GOETZ

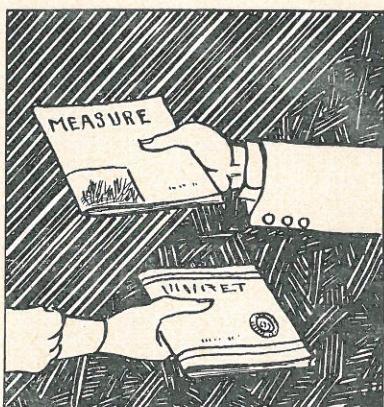
Again our desk is bending, groaning, and making numerous other demonstrations against the towering stack of contributions to this department.

So, just to please our faithful servant, the desk, (and the editor, who is dropping gentle hints about a deadline) perhaps we had better begin doing something about it. Besides the quantity, there is also plenty of quality included in the past quarter's work, which is encouraging indeed, considering the havoc wreaked by draft boards, reserve corps, (who knows, even the WAACS and WAVES) upon the staffs and contributors of many journals.

Without a doubt, the newest and most refreshing thing to hit this field for some time is the rejuvenated *Fordham Monthly* (or should we say Munthlee?) It's completely different. Perhaps it should be called flippant, perhaps it contains a few slightly decrepit gags, maybe it is even somewhat crude in spots; still it is so original that it constitutes a definite step in the right direction, away from the unimaginative, stale monotonous rut in which many of our journals find themselves. Although the *Monthly* is a radical departure from most of the college publications which have come to our attention, its originality is sufficient excuse for its existence. For anything from modern art to financial statements, see the *Monthly*.

As far as external makeup is concerned, the *Damozel* from Notre Dame, Baltimore, constitutes the proverbial "knockout". Looking at it makes one want to pick it up just to feel it, and crinkle the pages. Besides all these features, the contents are pretty consistently good. A one act play, *Man Hunt*, by Bonnie Perkins, especially caught our eye. *Shades of Sherlock Holmes!*

Out of Marquette's *Journal*, an *English Term Paper*, by Mr. Peterson, will give anyone who has ever tried to compose one of the confusing things a spiritual uplift in the form of a good old-fashioned laugh. Maybe in these somewhat disconcerting times we lean over backward to avoid anything which reflects the blood and thunder which surround us. However, much of the material written about it nowadays is downright morbid, so more power to the humorists, as long as the humor is good, and makes the reader think. The work mentioned above fulfills these qualifications to the letter.



St. Mary's *Chimes*, from *Notre Dame*, contains some rare creatures indeed—good short stories. *Daniel's Song*, by Miss Conway, is delightful stuff which should be reprinted every Christmastide somewhere or other. Miss Randolph's *Unsheathed Sword* is a realistic, solid piece. The ladies, (bless 'em) can really write, despite all comments to the contrary. They are inclined to be a little "fluffy" in spots, it is true, but that's to be expected from feminine nature.

While we are on the subject, Miss Ward's *Without Glory* in *Rosary's Eagle* is good reading; however the Office of War Information must have read it also, for it has recently presented the identical plot in a radio drama designed to affect civilian morale.

Many more citations (and otherwise) could be made at the cost of monotony. We are glad to see the number of exchange departments slowly on the upgrade. In anything which we attempt, in particular writing, a little encouragement and criticism provides a certain impetus which may be gained from no other source—especially if this encouragement is honestly and sincerely given. The exchange departments provide the best medium for this sort of encouragement, and as such are an integral part of the collegiate scheme to develop in a greater number of undergraduates the power of self-expression through creative writing.

# Critical Notes

PAUL SPECKBAUGH, C.P.P.S.

There is a matter for some questioning and some analyzing in the fact that the ranks of the clergy and religious contain the names of so few short-story writers and novelists. There is Canon Sheehan of the past and Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma of the present; there are some writers of boys' stories, but the general view presents no figures of any remarkable number. Why?

Can it be that religious life is so divorced from the everyday things of life that the necessary material, if not inspiration, is wanting? Can it be the eternal problem of overworked individuals who may find time for an occasional poem but not for the protracted labor of fiction writing? Perhaps Sister Mariella may have the answer, whole or partial, to this interesting poser.

For that matter, the same thought may be applied to the number of clergy and religious who are writing for the theatre. After Father Nagle, Sister Donatus, and a few others are mentioned, the field is comparatively empty. Again, a curious person wonders why.

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One rather obvious reason for the present status of Catholic literature is the fact that the philosophy of life which must underlie Catholic as well as any body of creative work still hangs in a kind of suspension in the air of Catholic life. Isolated thoughts, floating ambitions, inactive ideals need to be unified, need to be crystallized. Something galvanic must occur to make this philosophy operative in the creative minds of authors. How this is to be brought about is a matter of serious thought and of much more serious and prolonged prayer.

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A reply, recently received, to a suggestion made to the Midwest Region of the Catholic Theatre Conference, however, is not the answer to the needs of Catholic literature today. The correspondent, with every good intention and meaning no offense, suggested that the matter might be given over to *discussion* by the Conference.

Of all the items pertinent to Catholic Action in general, the one that is certainly the most abundant is discussion. Years have slipped by as crowds of Catholics have buzzed and murmured with discussion. Chairmen have led discussions over endless paths; groups have had a merry time with the shuttlecock of facts and history and principles. Now it is time to pray that one voice may arise above the clamor of the crowd, one strong, bellowing shout to attention and to action. Such a voice must be fearless and yet humble, electric and yet polished, God-inspired

and yet humanly real. A small crusade of prayer for such a voice is a need far above the call for more discussion.

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Another subject which bears a bit of analysis also is the virtue of ambition among the Catholic youth of our land. The particular life-status of that plant, to vary the image, is perhaps very well known to all.

Thought, not adequate investigation, suggests these as contributing factors to the low ebb of young Catholic ambition. There is the materialistic influence of the industry-ridden world; a sense of values is a remarkably powerful influence. Then there is, perhaps, the stress of a false humility growing out of a position in the social realm which is not favorable; most Catholics are poor and rather unprivileged. Another contribution is made by the fact that the spirit of cooperation is utterly lacking among Catholics as a group; Catholics often owe their success to the world without and not to that within.

These are matters, too, to give thought and prayer.

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Several years ago there was talk about getting in touch with living Catholic playwrights for the purpose of learning if there might not be a number of their unpublished manuscripts available for the Catholic stage. The idea was good.

There are, however, another group of plays which also bear investigation. To my knowledge, no current bibliography of the Catholic Theatre gives them any notice. Perhaps they are all worthless, perhaps they have all been studied with care. In that case the answer is quite simple. If they are still relatively unknown, then they will bear study—such items as some of the early plays of Paul Claudel, other plays of G. Martinez-Sierra or of Jose Maria Peman, the works, dramatic ones, of Emile Verhaeren, or something by Henri Lavedan.

These are simply very curious questions about a limited list.

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The exchanges which come to us from the Catholic colleges of the country are encouraging in the news they bring of numerous attempts to keep up with the contemporary events. There is, for instance, a growing interest in the relation of our American Catholic colleges with institutions of higher learning in the Latin American Republics. There is also a noteworthy increase in Catholic awareness to the coming Air Age—a problem which the government is anxious to have discussed. Less impressive, but nevertheless present, is the attention given to the medium of the radio. In each of these fields the Church, particularly the Catholics in our colleges, will have to be conscious and prepared for. The greater and deeper the study which is done now, the better will future leaders of our land be equipped for their task.